E
341
.C16

E 341
.C16
Copy 1

A

LETTER

TO

ROBERT SMITH, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES.

"VESSELS LARGE MAY VENTURE MORE;

BUT LITTLE BOATS SHOULD KEEP NEAR SHORE."

SIR....

THE appearance and publication of two *base-born* pieces, (the one in the Virginia Argus, over the signature of "Camillus," the other in the form of a pamphlet, signed "Numa,") almost universally believed to have been fabricated *at the court of St. Giles's*, under your auspices, & at your particular instance, occasion me thus to address you; and I conjure you, to grant me your attention to a few observations, hastily thrown together, but of importance to yourself and to the general interests of this nation. Whilst unawed by the debasing dread of the frowns or choler of *men in power* I cursorily examine the virtues, the vices, the prudence and imprudence of those, who are or have been intrusted with the measures of our government, either in the present or preceding administration. I beg you not to mistake my motives, or ascribe to me the character (generally given to those you call your political opponents) of a federalist. I assure you, (though I ever was averse to unnecessary egotism,) I am a *democrat*, but "*of the old school*"; and have ever been so from my earliest youth—that I have uniformly supported the cause of democracy, not only at the expense of thousands, but by my public writings and exertions, and at the risque of personal safety also—have had a prominent hand in the displacing from office, and disappointing the views of a number of *noxious* federalists; and in electing many democrats—was the warm and active friend of Mr. Jefferson's election to the presidency, as also comparatively friendly to that of Mr. Madison; but not of your appointment as Secretary of State—never received one cent of public money in my life; and as you will find

E 3 A
C

In the sequel, an native American, who admires the constitution of my country far more than I do *mere names, titles* or *offices*; for

"Tis inconsistent with a free born spirit,
To sue with folly or injure merit.

If, sir, in this address I conform to the genius of the age, and to wit, seems to admirably adapted to your taste, and deliver my sentiments in that loose but candid manner, which my co-temporaries appear so fond of, (and you especially to approve of,) you will impute it to their wise example; or at least consider it, as complimental of your talents, *so worthy of imitation.* I should never have considered either "Camillus" or "Numa" entitled to public notice (after learning who was the writer) had there not existed the strongest reasons to believe, indeed to evince that such writer was no less than the *Barber's block* for the *delicate touches* and *manly strokes* of the Secretary of States' *erudition*: and, sir, as "qui facit per alium, facit per se," you will permit me to throw your *dependant service* out of the scope, (only using him as you do, as occasion may require) and address myself to you personally; allowing him, notwithstanding the honor, "as long as he is in the Fox's service to hold up his tail."—Through your *scavenger* of *ribaldry*, you commenced your infuriate attack on Mr. John Randolph, with "*bawdry bare-faced, that poor pretence to wit*," the last resource of mean, malicious impotence, which degrades the man of parts into a designing sophister, and the gentleman beneath the level of an *oyster woman.* Here, sir, you display no argument, less reason, the want of mental refinement, and a total disqualification for the statesman. An author who thinks to add conviction and weight to his arguments by scurrility and abuse, resembles the insane man, who wallowed in the mud in order to make himself fine. By a concatinated series of false reasonings, you have bewildered yourself, by natural consequences, into a labyrinth of corresponding absurdities. You first represent Mr. Randolph as a person of no consequence in society--mean, uninfluential and illiterate; and in the very same breath lay to his charge all the hostilities of the democratical party, to the present administration—Hence, in the poet's language is verified, that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—But, sir, christian charity may palliate and excuse you, because the agitated mind sees no alternative; and in its perturbation throws down the barriers of every nice sensation and reflection.—Sensible of the precariousness of the tenure by which you hold your present political station, you are for applying your merciless dagger to the hearts of all such, as will not offer incense at your aristocratical altar—Whenever despotic rage & factiousness seek to destroy any measure, or to reduce to

abject submission, such as think and act in a manner different, they never fail to enforce such ignoble and fiend-like conduct, (so inseparably connected with their principles) as their *heathen imagination* may prompt them to conceive, is commensurate to the undertaking. The intellectual soul of some creatures, instead of expanding the beneficent rays of social harmony and good, sink into the envenomed lake of degeneracy; and in *midnight reveries*, stalk forth in *serpentine guile*, the *harpies* and *seducers* of mankind. Unlike your *hired* panegyrist towards you, (or rather you towards yourself,) I shall not attempt to advocate Mr. Randolph through thick and thin. The most elevated and exalted minds are naturally subject to some imperfections and blemishes; and even their perfections, and virtues may be so represented by calumny and a *captious malapert* as to obnubilate the merit and lustre of such qualities—That share of merit or demerit, that must fall to each member of society, is but small; the operation of opinion being in the inverse ratio to the number of those who possess the former. May I not ask, sir, how long it has been since Mr. Randolph was the *bellwether* and *non-parallel* of you and the democratical party; and for what he has been denounced and proscribed? Is it because he independantly pursues the virtuous dictates of his own mind, and with his country's good in view, steers for the haven of national dignity, notwithstanding such *political pilots* as yourself? Or is he not sufficiently *pliable* and *ductile* for *your purposes?* A convertibility of character, from personal considerations alone, discovers a heart devoid of every particle of principle! No man should be decried for pursuing what he thinks right, in a fair and honorable way—every one has this privilege—it is his birth right, the fruits of his labours and he ought to enjoy it. Beware, sir, that in some of your accusations against Mr. Randolph, you are not attacking very many of the warmest democrats in the nation—men who are and ever have been, truly devoted to their country's good, and the cause you *affect* so much to admire! The energetic system of *passive obedience*, *long suffering*, *embargo*, *non-intercourse*, *&c &c* has never been tolerated, or approved of by numbers of enlightened and ingenuous democrats, as fervently attached to the publi weal, as some who are *unconscientiously* and others *from personal motives*, making a "hue and cry" of executive infallibility. It must be admitted, that, in many instances, the conduct of our late administration, to redress our national grievances, was like *physicking* an *ague* and *fever* into a *galloping consumption*; and the present administration, (with you, Mr. Secretary, in the cabinet,) to complete the climax of injudiciousness and error, act the part of the unhappy Charles the I. by saying, "*my predecessor did, and acted so before me.*" But remember, sir, that he, who persists in acting im-

properly, or doing injuſtice, aggravates the crime, and takes upon himſelf all the guilt of his predeceſſors. A government that is incapable of ſupporting its rights, or unwilling to defend them—that foregoes the enjoyments of commerce, and impoſes privations on the natural liberties of its citizens, cannot be juſtly ſaid to be ſtable and ſound. It is wiſely obſerved by an eminent author, that "*a nation unable would protect herſelf from hoſtilities, or maintain peace, muſt have it in her power to declare war*"; and common ſenſe teaches, that the means muſt always be ſuitable to the end propoſed. Let me then aſk, whether ſuch is our preſent ſituation? Whether we are ſufficiently potent in our national revenue and means of defence, to declare war? Or, is not the concluſion rational, that the hoſtilities and inſults, ſo lavishly heaped upon us, by ſome of the European powers, originate from their ſenſe of our inability to revenge them? In vain may nations calculate the perpetuity of their power and proſperity on the ſcale of population and wealth, without an internal diſciplined protection and defence—the one is the neceſſary product of confuſion, the other the immediate increaſe of timidity; from the natural love of riches, and a fear that their treaſures, (from their unguarded and defenceleſs ſituation) will become the prey of enterprize, or be ſeized on by adventurers. Conſider, ſir, what would be our conſternation and dilemma, if a hoſtile fleet were to appear in the Hudſon, the Delaware or the Cheſapeake! Previous to the military and naval organization, and eſtabliſhments of Great Britain, a mere ſquadron of Dutch ſhips having once viſited Chatham, ſtruck ſuch trepidation into London, that the inhabitants began to fly, and to ſeek refuge elſewhere; tho' their numbers were ſufficient, had they been diſciplined, to oppoſe any power of the world. For petty conſiderations of domeſtic ſavings, we neglect the auxiliaries of national ſecurity and dignity; and paſſively ſubmit to our rights being depreciated upon, for fear of the expence of defending them. We may hail the morning dawn of liberty, as yet, with "*all well*": and ſhall Europe, (as the troubled ocean in time of a tempeſt) is foaming with agitation—whilſt her once ſmooth ſurface of tranquility is broken into convulſions; and with rapid ſtrides her pride and glory are haſtening to diſſolution, we may yet exclaim, *we are internally free, no proud tyrant, no haughty deſpot lords over us or controls our ſafety.* But, have the infatuation of liberty and national pride—has our inſulated ſituation, far diſtant from thoſe ſcenes of human miſery—have a few years of peace and independence, effaced from our recollection, that, but a ſhort time ſince, many of the powers of continental Europe, now groaning under thraldom and commotion, far more wealthy, more powerful and populous

than ourſelves, alſo boaſted of their liberty, their happineſs and ſecurity? The decline of the greateſt empires has generally been at the time when they conceived themſelves the moſt powerful; and their viſionary ſecurity prepared the precipice of their deſtruction. Nations, like individuals, to preſerve reſpectability, muſt reſpect themſelves; and to avoid inſults be ready to avenge them. By reſtrictions of natural privileges, and noxious ſyſtems of embargo, non-intercourſe, &c. &c. and the vain oſtentation of neutrality—by ſubmitting to be inſulted within our own territory, and even to the murder of our own citizens—to the impreſsment of thouſands of native Americans into the ſervice of foreign tyrants, to the inhuman incarceration of the freemen of our land, the indiſcriminate confiſcations of their effects & the burning of their veſſels, and to the pillage and deſtruction of our property—even on nature's highway, our government has become relaxed, and enervated in all its members, and our liberties fettered. To act thus, ſir, is to extinguiſh in the hearts of our citizens all confidence in the rectitude of government—all zeal for the honor and welfare of their country—all emulation for glory—all deſire to diſtinguiſh themſelves, which are the great ſources and principles of almoſt all the actions of life. Experiments may anſwer in philoſophy; but government, like the apple of the eye, is an unfit ſubject for quackery. Liberty is a plant of ſuch delicate texture, and all its parts of ſuch ſymetry, that experimental ingraftings and prunings endanger its very exiſtence. It is not enough for the preſent adminiſtration to ſay, "things are as they found them—that their's is in uniſon and conformity with the late adminiſtration." This may anſwer private popular purpoſes, but can never ſatisfy men of diſintereſtedneſs and underſtanding—men, who value their liberties and appreciate the conſtitution, and that therefore the preſent adminiſtration "deſerves well"—as well might we juſtify the act of *ſining, becauſe our progenitor Adam ſined.* I ſhall readily admit, that the power to declare war, and the powers incident, are veſted in congreſs—to provide and maintain a navy—to make rules for its government—to grant letters of marque and repriſal—to make rules concerning captures—to raiſe and ſupport armies—to eſtabliſh rules for their regulation—to provide for organizing, arming and diſciplining the militia, and for calling them forth in the ſervice of our country, are alſo powers belonging to congreſs. But it is evident at the ſame time, that in a popular government like ours, the neceſſity and expediency of ſuch meaſures, always emanate from the chief magiſtrate or executive, in his report to the legiſlative body of the ſtate of the nation, and advices or recommendations of the neceſſary and efficient means of ſafety and defence. Ho

in the pendulum that gives motion and vibration to national agency and activity; and when he is inert and motionless, the component parts of the body politic, lose their intended tone and functions. When the head is disordered, either by *paralytic strokes* from *political jugglers*; the influx of *preternatural visitations*, or the *empirical cataplasms* of *designing pedagogues*, the whole system is involved in perturbation and confusion. The legislative and executive powers ought in all popular and elective governments, to be kept seperate and distinct, in their various exercises and duties; but that this axiom or principle is not so well maintained, and preserved in the constitution of the United States, as its nature requires, is obvious; and hence the executive so frequently impose a partial stupor, on the legislative. Were the power to appoint to office delegated to the legislature; and instead of the *nomination* of officers being the indispensible and exclusive prerequisite of the President, to originate from the immediate representatives of the people, we need not fear so much the having a Lord North in our cabinet, or a Jefferies on our bench. The frequent exercise of the elective franchise, should be the vital desideratum of all republics. If our president was ineligible, after his first four years election—no member of either branch of our legislature capable of holding or being appointed to any office of profit during the time for which he was elected - the salaries and necessary number of all clerks in our departments of state, regulated by congress, our government would be more impartially administered —its principles better protected, and we should have amongst us, less of party *dissention*, less *electioneering chicanery* and fewer *parasytes*, than at present. This would be a barrier against the impulses of passion—the combinations of interest—the intrigues of faction—the haste of folly, and the spirit of encroachment. It is in all republics essential that the law should be superior to the magistrate appointed to administer it—the constitution superior to both, and the *summum imperium populi* omnipotent to all. But the people of this country stand as a line impressed by a hair, and seem destined either to be bullied out of their rights by foreign aggressions, or cozened out of them by sophistic refinements at home. Ours rather appears a government of experiments, to try what burthens and privations the people can bear, than of wisdom and republicanism. Whether the great body of the community or the *mass of great men*, are in this country, the objects of representation, are subjects well worthy of inquiry; and we need go little farther for authority to elucidate the proposition, than the many intrigues of a certain set of *mercenaries* or *government-leeches*, (*home-spun nobles by assumption*) among us, to get into our houses of legislation and posts of office, such persons as they

know will be ready inſtruments to do every thing for the aggrandiſement and promotion of the latter without regard to the intereſt of the former. It is juſtified by experience, that the more the paſſions and inclinations of ſome men are indulged, the leſs concern they have for the intereſt & poſperity of the public; as their minds become effeminate and inert, by the licentious efflux of premature paſſions, and they regardleſs of every thing but what tends to the gratification of their inceſſant and inſatiable demands. It will puzzle the imagination to determine whether the ſtupefaction which now pervades the people in the preſent criſis of affairs, has been brought on and occaſioned by a depreſſion of that eſſential fervor for their conſtitution, or by the experimental ſtimulants, which deſign and artifice have applied to *bliſter* them into the ſenſation. The *amor patriæ* being debilitated to inactivity, the ſyſtem ſeems as well prepared for a hemloc as a cordial. Still it is wonderful (at leaſt to me) that the noble and invaluable cauſe of liberty which once rouſed us to indignation and to arms, does not with a like zeal and enthuſiaſm inſpire us, to tenaciouſly foſter and maintain the coſtly acquirement. If we have loſt that magnanimous ſenſe of loving our country more ardently than our perſons; yet it might be hoped that the natural glow of reſentment would, in ſomewiſe, ſubſtitute patriotiſm, and impel us to acts of manhood and of duty, againſt foreign latrocity and inſult. A *Wat Tyler*, in the ruder age of deſpotiſm and unrefined policy and government—when juſtice and law, were tributary to no other votary but arbitrary exertion and power, knew how to aſſert a right, and revenge an injury. I muſt aſk pardon, ſir, for this digreſſion, particularly as you are *ambitious of perſonal homage*; but as an atonement, I will now again turn my attention to your ſtoid pieces of impotence "Camillus" and "Numa." Infatuation and irrational pride, are generally the forerunners of ſome great misfortune; for had you but ſuffered the transports of your unexpected promotion to the ſtation you now fill, to have abated, and not been led by the inebriating fumes of the ſudden joy, into profligacies that muſt envelope in darkneſs the mereſt glimmerings of prudence, you might have enjoyed, at leaſt, a kind of negative wiſdom and reſpect. The unfounded declamations—the *fulſome idolatry* of Camillus and Numa, (and the ſource from whence they emerge being well known,) expoſes the tenure by which ſome of the preſent adminiſtration, and their nobles expect to hold their *perchance* powers; and evince them, if not the ableſt ſtatesmen, the moſt *unrivaled ambidexters*, in duplicity and fineſſe. If our adminiſtration is ſo impoveriſhed in talents and merit, *as to invoke the aid of hirelings and dependents*, to *defend or add celebrity to their conduct*, a change is "devoutly

to be wished". Truth and innocence can have no occasion to call in art, falsehood and evasion to their defence—The united principles of candour and virtue are the true inductions of their alleviation—Steady and honorable actions beget a reputation, and that alone will procure confidence. Yet, sir, I cannot but admire your wisdom in the choice of a character to answer the purposes of your ambition and designs—he has talents *eminently calculated* for your purposes; for where he cannot justify and refute, he ardently labours (with your unexampled assistance) to divert the attention of his readers, by clouds of *heterodox* and *random flights of eloquy*. It is impossible to follow your matchless sculptor of absurdities, *pas a pas*, through all his *windings & paradoxes*—such an employment would better suit a mad-house than me; but the lavish and unskilful manner in which you have authorised him to polish you with spurious eulogism, whilst it excites commiseration, unavoidably provokes indignation and disgust. In this, sir, you have acted with *him* as the *Pope does with the Devil, when he canonizes a Saint—his holiness appoints Satan a counsel and then commands him what to say*. So deep a strain of hypocrisy usually discovers the crime it labours to conceal, and only increases the just horror the world generally entertain for those who have committed it. Unwilling, sir, to do good, (if you ever did any) and let the world applaud you, your vain-glory anticipating, from conscious littleness, neglect, you sound the *hollow trumpet* of your own fame, by an enumeration of nominations & appointments, which wealth, party influence and intrigue alone induced, and you were never qualified for—Thus, you imprudently rushed into the *cave of the Cyclops for some miserable tatlers*, you left there —But when your *eleven hundred and fifty dollars per annum* panegyrist was preparing his *monody* of your expiring character, why did you suffer him to mention your *feats*, as Secretary of State? Desist, sir! For Heaven's sake desist! To fall a *felo de se*, so rashly and inconsiderately, challenges both pity and contempt! Do not suffer the toesin of your own disgrace, to be rung under your very window, and dastardly smile at the insult. Recollect, sir, how ingeniously you were imposed on the president, as Secretary of State—what subtlety and artifice were used, to get you nominated and appointed; and how *Iscariot-like* you have behaved since!!! I call on you, at the *tomb* of your *departed reputation*, to answer the following interrogations; and defy your denial, unless at the expence of veracity. Did not Mr. Erskine, unreservedly, candidly, and in extenso, shew you all, and every instruction and communication whatever from his government, relating or in any manner concerning the negociation, you and he were then engaged in? Did you impart, and make known to the president such ma-

structions and communications, *in all their parts*, in the same *full*, *clear*, *unregrained* and *intelligible manner*, that *you understood* and *received* them from Mr. Erskine? Have you not sedulously and intriguingly laboured to make yourself conspicuous and popular, by writing to your friends in the different states, to introduce into their state legislatures, Mr. Giles's *resolutions*, on the subject of the said negotiation and Mr. Jackson's dismissal? Did you not enclose to a certain person in Richmond, the brief or form of such resolutions, as you wished the legislature of Virginia to adopt on that occasion? In fact, have you not, either directly or indirectly, in these and many other instances, been disgracefully intriguing, to derogate and lessen the popular standing of Mr. Madison, and to build up your own fame on its ruins, against the next presidential election?—Deprendi' miserum est! If you plead "not guilty," I am sure to convict you—If you stand "mute," you convict yourself. Henceforth, sir, forbear to mention your secretaryship! At the court of St. James', you are the *Delicia sui temporis*. When your *Pharisee* of *ingenuity* had exhausted his, and your whole fund of scurrility and *cobbling* reprehension against Mr. Randolph, he descended to criticisms on his person. This might debase, if there was room for addition, or further matter for a mathematical unit; but, "nemo repente fuit turpissimus." His *half-starv'd* wit, on this occasion, would convulse the *lobby* of a *brothel*, and does credit only to the cause he espouses. But, when he was amusing his redundant fancy, with the natural deformities of Mr. Randolph, you surely must have been *absent from your office*, and thus deprived him of the occasional opportunity of looking you in the *face*; otherways he must have been instantly disarmed, by observing that dame nature, in *romantic humour*, had prematurely *kicked* you from her presence, and to express her indignation, had imprinted her *indelible mark*, in the *neighbourhood* of your *forehead*. Pardon, sir, my being a little sarcastic with you! Wit and satire, like some medicines, will not operate on sound constitutions; but when they meet with a *morbid carcass*, *they play the very devil*; and as you, sir, have a great many *sore places* about you, I wish my *pills* may not *gripe you sorely!* Not content in the merciless attempt to assassinate the reputation of Mr. Randolph, you fall on Mr. Gallatin, (that patriot and statesman,) with pagan cruelty, as if ambition and licentiousness knew no bounds. Envy and jealousy are fatal diseases—the former is a malady, that seldom admits of a cure, and is generally aggravated by the remedies administered to it—the latter extinguishes all prudent reflections, and is not to be cured by reason alone—Hence, sir, you are at present, in the paroxism of complicated distempers, that must level your political colossus

to the ground. But from whence comes your fear, "that Mr. Gallatin will destroy the reputation of Mr. Madison"? If Mr. Madison's principles are so immaculate, and his conduct so infallible as *panegyrics* wish to represent, it is quite unnecessary to be so fervent and solicitous about the degrees, to which they should be polished, or the fervor by which they should be protected.—No means can more effectually guarantee their purity, or impart to them a merited lustre, than to invite the freedom of public scrutiny, and inquiry. We are participants in the burthen of expenses and events of government, and have the right to make investigations into the measures necessary to give it due motion. One abuse or stretch of power, gives strength and example to another, 'till precedent makes right, and it becomes irresistible. That equality of right, and exemption from the domination of any other, is called liberty; of which no one can be deprived, unless by his own consent, or by force. All the powers of the chief magistrate are derived from the people; and they who have the right of all in themselves, can receive nothing from him, who has no more than any one of them, 'till they invest him with it—When that trust and confidence, thus conferred, are in any manner misapplied or abused, the right of complaint, and to displace such trustee, immediately commences—it is a stipulation necessarily implied in the grant. Cujus est instituere, ejus est abrogare. If, therefore, the people institute, they may abrogate—they are the judges of the performance of the ends of the institution. Mr. Madison is bound by the will of those, who conferred on him the magistratical power; and the same law, that gives power, prescribes the rules and limitations by which it is to be enforced. There cannot exist a serious fear, that Mr. Gallatin, that ordealed and inflexible republican, will ever attempt to injure the president; but it is much to be dreaded, that certain *political cerberuses*, now haunting him, will either contaminate him with their *heresies*, or deceive him by their *fatal and fabled lies*. It is observed by an able historian, "that one of the greatest blessings that can be bestowed on chief magistrates, is to deliver them from the tongues of flattery, and the silence of good men." It is painful to see Mr. Madison countenancing and patronizing men hostile to republicanism, and politically his opponents—men, *quibus ex bonis, nulla est spes*. They appear to have united, with *design*, to pervert, if possible, the energy and strength of his natural affections for democratical principles—If he has a weak side, an unfortified resolution, an ear to flattery, a lust unbounded, they will gain the palm in triumph. This is no speculation of fancy—whoever has explored the fields of example, and become conversant with the decline of governments, must meet con-

fiction; that when a chief magistrate is thus assailed, and *beset*, he cannot stand firm—at all events, he loses the confidence of the people. My conclusion then is, that a chief magistrate thus exposed to sophistry, ingenuity, machination and guile, is in extreme danger of being corrupted; unless he is circumvallated, and defended by more than human nature. Like a fair, and beautiful virgin, all are solicitous to become her adventurers and admirers, and although too impotent to lord the citadel, are proud to aid in its surrender. That political course, that is favored, and rewarded, will always be followed by the governed;—and no prudent and wise man, will commit the piloting his ship to a person, who had rather wreck her on Scylla or Charibdis, than waft her into a port of safety. The evil of *conciliating*, and advancing to office from personal *respect*, *favor* or *popularity*, certain characters disaffected to our government, will be found dangerous in the extreme; when it is considered, that the officers of state, (however pursue some may be) are of such number, power and influence, as to be able to corrupt the populace, when they themselves are disaffected. The good management of all civil affairs, necessarily depends on good order; and it is not within human power, to reform abuses patronized by those in authority, nor to prevent the evils therefrom arising, or ensuing. You, sir, are the finished Lord Granby, in the distribution of your favors —Your own family, or dependants exclude from your consideration every claim of merit, and talents—a harmony of souls, need fear no private *bickerings*; hence, you favour those, who will best serve your purposes, and make your *correspondence* and society, a means of *engrossing* every thing to yourself.

Your conduct, with respect to the negociation with Mr. Erskine —your subtle artifices to echo abroad that transaction, *garbled* and *misrepresented*, to enhance your popularity, and *cull* the people—your employing, *at the public expence*, a senior to vilify good men, and calculate you—your illiberal abuse of Mr. Gallatin, *the* you the political *Sinon* of the age; and whilst we admire such baseness, we can not but smile at your vanity, for attempting to accomplish by *stratagem*, what you are unable to carry *hand to*. Nothing does more harm in a state, than for *cunning men* to [illegible] for [illegible]; and you have rashly intruded yourself into your [illegible], without being prepared for the service, with a self esteem and an immoderate ambition for destroying all persons capable either of frustrating your machinations, or of eclipsing your *pigmy talents*. Albert Gallatin, sir, is greatly your superior in all matters where [illegible] and abilities are required, and his services will be mentioned with admiration and gratitude, when your name is blotted out from all remembrance

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 011 837 192 6

—Your ſcribbling *Momus*, or you, may
you cannot behold his tranſcendant tal
of ſatisfaction; but you can never ſully his dignity & fame. There are ſome wretches, near whom too ſhining qualities are dangerous —who take umbrage at the virtues they are forced to admire, and, to anſwer a ſelfiſh purpoſe, would revile new born innocence itſelf. As to Mr. Gallatin's "ſpeculations," or peculations, they are but *beggarly ſurmiſes*, and *cut-throat calumnies*, unaſſociated with even light, or probable teſtmony---But,

> "Vice in a flattering mirror views mankind,
> Judging of others, from its own similitude.
> The good are few, and known to fewer still:
> And rogues believe us not temptation proof,
> 'Till they have tried us."

This letter, ſir, is merely preparatory to much that I have to offer to you and the public---it is in fact a perfect *emollient* when compared with the *medicine* that is now in an active ſtate of preparation for your *ſenſitive palate*. Renounce therefore, sir, that ſordidneſs of ſoul, that puts you to the contemptible ſhift of raiſing up hirelings, to traduce merit—it is a gradation of ſplendid diſgrace, that carries deſtruction in its own boſom. You have already become a new *conſtellation in the zodiac* of political profligacy. Your preſent political career, is now in the arms ofdeath; and although in your agonizing ſtruggles for exiſtence, you may maim, or deſtroy thoſe around you, your final exit will meet the univerſal *valedictory* of *exultation*. You are more than certain, ſir, of going *off the ſtage*, with *diſtinguiſhed ſibilations*, and like Richard the 2nd, no perſon will be found to ſay of you, "God bleſs him."

PETER CALOMEL.

1810.

ERRATA. In the 3d page line the 19th for "non-parrallel" read "non-pareil"—Page 7th for "Satin" read "Satan."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 011 837 192 6

Hollinger
pH 8.5
Mill Run F3-1955